Poems

- Brian Edwards

There is
a reason
there is
a purpose
it had been said
and time often
loses itself
within itself
one day
the dreamer
may suddenly
stop having dreams
events
in this world
often unfold
in such a way
the Sun
seems to know not
that we
even exist

***

- 8/10/2026

Down amidst
the dust
of the docks
down amidst
the soot
of the pier
the traces
of many a year
linger near
linger about
as I know
I'm beginning
to drift
back into
a sea of memory
here at the edge
of the world
in a sense
out there
is mystery
out there
is the other side
of the world
if I kept going
I would
reach it
eventually
the seagulls
flying above me
remind me
of where
I've been
in this world
and how
many times
I've sailed
this sea of memory

***

- 8/10/2026

Hearing
the footsteps
beyond
my front door
are they
meant for me
is some debt
not paid
do I owe
somebody something
I know I do
are the footsteps
getting closer
I'm not certain
yet I think
they are
perhaps
in a few moments
something
will be happening
time evaporates
into more time
that also
evaporates

***

- 8/10/2026

The vultures
are circling
around
in my mind
once again
they want
to pluck
away at
and devour
the pieces
of me
that are left
after living
so long
in this place
of many fools

***

- 8/10/2026

Know the hour
know the design
if you cannot
then just
drink some wine
ponder all of it
with all
its complexity
if you cannot
then just
drink some wine
seize some of
the time that is
flowing past you
like a river
if you cannot
then just
drink some wine
look up
in the evening sky
and behold
the constellations
of the night sky
you can do this
easily
so drink some wine
grant yourself
a temporary reprieve
from the shit

***

- 8/11/2026

I awaken
open my eyes
I look out
my window
it looks peaceful
in the early
morning calm
just before
Sunrise
there is plenty
a shitstorm
out there
yet for now
things
are quiet here
I appreciate
the reprieve
from
the shitstorms
even if
it won't last
one must learn
to appreciate
these simple
pleasures
especially
if the shitstorm
is their fate
and they live with
knowing this

***

- 8/11/2026

What do
your own eyes
tell you
of the story
now unfolding
believe the eyes
believe the eyes
not the television
not the radio
not the
papyrus scrolls
read to crowds
in the streets
believe the eyes
no need to check
your mailbox
to receive
any news
believe the eyes
I would caution
against believing
anything else
there's simply
so many illusions
out there
in the world
there's simply
too many
false idols
worshipped
for no good reason
little has changed
across the centuries
I sometimes fear

***

- 8/12/2026

Ice and
machinery
we have created
artificial souls
we have created
a tempest
that will
toss us
into a vortex
making
our craftiness
rather questionable

***

- 8/12/2026

What can
I write now
what is there
to write now
the very air
is rife
with a sense
of void
the fabric
of it all
is unraveling
fools talking
to other fools
about the things
fools talk about
what can
be done
nothing
can be done
the bill
is past due
the scarecrows
are laughing
at us
stray cats
are destined
to take over
our streets
as we fade away
into the wind
of history

***

- 8/12/2026

Long nights
of the
running fans
you wouldn't
believe
the things
that I hear
through the
sound of
the running fan
you wouldn't believe
how things
really are
it's not my place
to tell you
yet I assure you
you would
be amazed

***

- 8/12/2026

Sitting here
tonight
listening
to hecklers
from another
dimension
it doesn't
bother me
at all anymore
listening
to them
passes the time
before
I call it
a night
and go to sleep
and they often
have
some witty
and clever
insults for me
seems like
one dimension
can be much
like another

***

- 8/12/2026

Stolen mopeds
in the mud
of time
burning incense
among
the ancient vines
I've got
something
to say
yet it's not
important
I've got
some wandering
to do
and that's
important
I've seen
the darkness
befall us
like a shadow
I move along
looking for
that glow
of the dawn
sweet island
of my solitude
give me
some bliss
to smoke tonight
show me
the course
of a comet
that I may
follow
this night

***

- 8/12/2026

And I ponder
if there's
any meaning
to the illusions
that deceive
our eyes
almost every day
an unwanted
surprise
as true as life
is true
I wander
in the forest
hoping
to disappear
into the past
I never do
and now the truth
wears far
too many mask
for me to recognize

***

- 8/13/2026

I doubt
everything
assume nothing
revere very
little
as sacred
or beyond
corruption
there was
a time
I foolishly
thought in
the opposite way
so here today
one may find
that I regard
most claims
as sand
in the wind

***

- 8/13/2026

As old republics
slowly decay
as once
revered beliefs
give way
we look
for words
to describe
this day
some once
familiar essence
has slipped away
and all
that's left
is what remains
as old republics
slowly decay

***

- 8/13/2026

I saw you
in a dream
orchid of days
so long ago
you were
still there
for my eyes
to behold
in a dream
that I choose
to hold
as very real
for I wish it
to be so
my orchid
of days
so long ago

***

- 8/13/2026

The tides
of fate
are ever present
if we forget
about them
it matters not
for they are
ever in motion
the sea of time
rising
and receding
and all that
we do
and all that
we are
shall drift away
into this
sea of time
eventually

***

- 8/13/2026

Mid-day
with
a diamond Sun
nowhere to run
the kleptocrats
leeching
it all away
mid-day
of the hourglass
and wind
I just want
to forget
where I've been
I don't do
marijuana
anymore
I could never
find the door
I saw too many
things
as they truly
might be
mid-day
with a star-fire
raven
I'll be okay
if I keep on
dreaming
it all away

***

- 8/13/2026

I am on
an island
in the sea
of the morning
I am drifting
between
the epochs
of time
like a phoenix
of the wind
I have ascended
I touch rays
of illumination
with my mind
I build rowboats
made of dream-wood
I testify
to the horizon
of dawn
bring me
into a world
that is
only illusion
I beget thoughts
that establish
new philosophies
I am out
in the middle
where nowhere
is everywhere
I am the sound
of the
breaking wave
speaking
to all creation

***

- 8/14/2026

Snake charmers
running amok
what happened
to all
of our good luck
blown across
a windswept
plateau
must I go
yes.....
they say
I must go
so I must
move along now
my triumph
is in forgetting
I must
move along now
time is only
getting
slower and slower
until
the midnight
candle is lit
I put wax
in my ears
when around
the snakes
so I don't get bit
going forth
into the maze
where every
diamond is ablaze
onward .... onward
towards
infinite Sun
onward somewhere
where a dream
has only
just begun

***

- 8/14/2026

So many days
cast to
the dust
and wind
of forgotten time
with each
passing year
I see it
more clearly
the Moon
hangs bright
above
I have been
up there
for a visit
in a dream
once or twice
perhaps one day
I'll stay up there
and never return
forgotten
by the neighbor's cat
as the streetlights
glow in the darkness

***

- 8/14/2026

In an age
when the absurd
is triumphant
do you feel
the dust
of the road
I can feel it
it's like
an ever present
thing for me
the dust
of the road
along with
the dust
of society's
machinery
a vast sea
of steel
and concrete
before my eyes
what's to be done
who the hell
knows anymore
we walk along
cobblestone streets
where the
cobblestones
are alligators
just waking up
and not
all too thrilled
with us stepping
on their heads

***

- 8/25/2026

Give me
a cauldron
full of
the dreams
of bees
I want to behold
the scenery
conjured
by the bee mind
grant me
a reprieve
from toil
this fine day
it is all
that I'm
asking for
this day
tomorrow
or even
next week
would be fine
by me
to become
acquainted
with the dreams
of bees

***

- 8/14/2026

Give us
what may
amuse us
the day to day
abuse
has become
do tiring
for us all
waking up
to go
where you don't
want to be
only being free
for the time
that always
seems so brief
knowing
that tomorrow
will be the same
as last week
at least give us
what may
amuse us
let us
be amused
while time
drags us along
towards
our bright
and final day

***

- 8/14/2026

There are
no stars
to be seen
around here
tonight
there's no
lantern
of wisdom
to be found
either
our treasured
philosophies
have been
destroyed
by our own
arrogance
it probably
won't be long now
before the Kraken
serves us up
some humble pie

***

- 8/14/2026

A top-secret bio
I've got
one of those to
wearing a mask
through the days
I'm someone else
underneath
reaching across
the galaxy
I know
how to do
speaking
with worlds
of a million
different star-systems
and don't
it seem strange
living in
this place
when I've got
a top-secret bio
in regards
to Outer Space

***

- 8/14/2026

I behold
the great
hourglass
of time
counting down
the days
until departure
is assured
I know
of nothing now
that could
fill me
with belief
I've had the rug
pulled out
too many times
from underneath
and it's all
a garden
and it's all
a rose
the path I chose
led me straight
to a brick wall
my destiny
is in the wind
where and how
shall it begin
I spoke to a spider
the other day
it had plans
to move along
to a place
where every sound
was the music
of a celestial choir

***

- 8/14/2026